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The Progress

STORIES WORTH READING

Senator Vest's Experience with a Re-
porter Which Forever Soured Him.

Some of Harry Adams's Humorous Tales—A
Farmer's Experience—Trials of the
"Child Lovers."

Senator George Vest, the junior Senator from Missouri, abhors a newspaper reporter, and under no consideration will he submit to a lengthy interview. He makes it a point to know all the reporters on sight, so that when he sees one headed toward him he can dodge him if possible, or, if the sleuth is too close upon him, he can conjure up a good plausible excuse to get rid of him. The little Senator once unbosomed himself to the writer and explained why it was he objected to being interviewed. He makes his home at the Midland Hotel, in Kansas City, and his rooms are constantly kept in order for him, whether he is there or in Washington during the session of Congress. "I had just returned home from a long and laborious special session of the Senate," he began, "and, after registering, the clerk sent a boy with me to my room to prepare the bath. My train was due in Kansas City at 6:30, but it was half an hour late, and as I was down for a speech at the bar banquet at 8 o'clock that night I saw that I would have to hurry to get there. A bath was imperative, for I was fatigued and dusty, and the stains of travel had streaked me like a royal Bengal tiger. Just as I was about to enter the elevator a young man stepped up to me, and, giving his name, announced that he represented the Kansas City—, and would like very much to have a few moments' talk with me. I explained my situation, telling him of the great hurry I was in, and assuring him that I had no time to give him an interview. He would not say a word to any other reporter. With this I stepped in the elevator, called the third floor, the gate slammed shut and the car shot up the hatchway in a jiffy, leaving the reporter standing apparently dazed either by my summary manner or refusal to be interviewed, or both. I reached my room, hurriedly disrobed and in a few minutes was in the bath-tub, which was in a room adjoining the sleeping-room. I had hardly gotten my neck and ears scrubbed till there came a knock at the door. I paid no attention to it, as I was hardly in a presentable shape to really had to wear a knock was repeated a second and third time, each, successively, with increased vigor. They were all recognized in the same manner as the first. I stopped splashing long enough to wait and see whether a fourth would come, when all of a sudden the door leading from the bath-room to the sleeping-room opened and the reporter stuck his head in. My first impulse was to fire the wet sponge at his head, but I couldn't do that without his persistence, and that together with his exceedingly polite manner of dress saved him. He began at once to beseech me for an interview, and went on to say that he was working on 'space' and hadn't made a good showing for a week. He was 'busted flat,' so he expressed it, and he hadn't money enough to buy a meal for his wife and family of little ones. He was a bed-ridden, the doctor refused to come unless some money was paid, and he was desperate. Altogether the fellow's tale was quite harrowing and worked up my sympathy to a high pitch. I didn't have the heart to further refuse the man, and yet I really had no news to give him, or rather the news he was after—the result of our special session—was not for publication, as was a star-chamber session. Still I told him to talk lively and I'd answer his questions if I could. Reaching down in his pocket he pulled out his note book, with the remark, 'Senator, here is a little that I have written for a starter.

I'll read it to you, and if you don't object I'll run it along with what you give me. You never said it, it's true, but there's nothing that can compromise you and it will help to fill up.' He read what he had written, and such a lot of stuff I never heard, but I didn't interfere, and that, together with a few general questions I answered for him, gave him a column article. He grasped my wet hand and shook it cordially and thanked me with much earnestness for my assistance. I imagined I saw tears of gratitude welling up in his eyes as he said 'God bless you Senator, for I know Annie and the babies will when I tell them where their next meal came from.' The next morning the paper came out and on its first page was the interview in leading headlines, 'Vest on the Tariff,' 'Missouri's Brilliant Senator Returns from Washington and Tells of the Stormy Special Session,' etc., etc. I read the article through with considerable amusement and laid the paper down to go to the desk, when in walked my friend, the reporter, so drunk he could hardly maintain his equilibrium. He came over to me, and, snipping me on the back said, in the most familiar manner, 'Hello, Senator, oi' boy, how y'r. Your a bully feller, let's go take drink.' I afterward learned that the fellow had been arrested late the night before for wife-beating, having gone home drunk and attended to the family in a most unbecoming manner. That's what you get for going out of your way to help a newspaper man, and I'll be d—d if I ever do it again."

The Senator was reminded that all newspaper men were not like this one; that all professions have their weak followers, and that it is unfair and unjust to allow a prejudice like this to affect his feeling toward all fellow-craftsmen. But he seemed to have been soured eternally against the craft, and the man who can pin him down to a lengthy interview these days may count himself a shrewd scribe.

In every community there are a few men who have a reputation for saying things in a droll or witty way, and whose expressions on current topics quaintly put are quoted by their fellow-citizens to point a moral or adorn an illustration. Judge Howland is one of these. His humor is of the desecrated variety and never contains the element of malice. An eminent attorney, who died a few years ago, was very popular as a speaker, and in great request at all kinds of meetings. He was of Scotch-Irish lineage, and once invited to speak before the Caledonian Society on the occasion of the celebration of Robert Burns's birthday. Howland came from the land of the plowman poet. Some time after that he spoke at an Irish gathering called to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet. On this occasion he told his hearers that there throbbed in his veins the impulsive blood of Erin. No great while after this he was advertised to speak for the colored people on Emancipation day. "What are you going to do now, Major," inquired the Irishman, "in the way of oratory?" Luke Walpole, the blind justice, is from time to time given as the author of some quibbling wit. Harry Adams is made to father many a good story that is taken up by raconteurs, who may have an equal gift at narrative, but lack the art of invention. Hon. John M. Butler perhaps has no equal in Indiana as a logical and vigorous reasoner, and his political speeches, like his law arguments, are peerless for their clear and forcible English. Like Governor Morton, Mr. Butler never employs anecdotes to embellish his argument. "Why don't you use some anecdotes in your speeches?" asked Mr. Adams of the sound old lawyer during an exciting political campaign, in which Mr. Butler was making telling speeches for the Republican cause. "I don't know any," was the response. "If I did, I would use them."

Mr. Adams told him half a dozen stories, and he was desperate. Altogether the fellow's tale was quite harrowing and worked up my sympathy to a high pitch. I didn't have the heart to further refuse the man, and yet I really had no news to give him, or rather the news he was after—the result of our special session—was not for publication, as was a star-chamber session. Still I told him to talk lively and I'd answer his questions if I could. Reaching down in his pocket he pulled out his note book, with the remark, 'Senator, here is a little that I have written for a starter.

either no witty newspaper persons, or, instead of distributing their bon mots along the street, they put them in the papers. The late George C. Harding was one of these. After a contemporary one day he appeared disposed to be complimentary. "I saw a good thing in your paper yesterday," he remarked to the contemporary. "Ah, what was it?" inquired the expectant colleague. "A can of oysters," was the sententious reply.

During State fair week the large percentage of the business of the city hotels was with the visitors from the rural districts.

Many funny incidents took place in and about the hotel corridors, and many a good laugh was had at the expense of the country cousin, unaccustomed to the lux and one of a big city hostelry.

One old farmer from Posey county sat around the office of one of the hotels from 12 o'clock till 8, waiting for the dinner hour to be announced. Finally, exasperated beyond further endurance, he marched up to the desk, pulled out his old pocket chronometer and began to drag both of them into the clerk, with blood in his eye and "business" in his voice: "See here, mister, when do you ring your blasted dinner-bell here? I've been waitin' nigh onto three hours for it, and I'm gettin' d-tired." The clerk informed him that the dining room had been open from 12 o'clock, and that the doors had just closed until 6 o'clock. The farmer was mad as a wet hen, and he began to yell and shout and to respond to his question that he'd have to pay for the lost meal just the same as though he had eaten it.

Another teller of the soil from Jay county came down to the desk about 9:30 one night in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of pants on his feet, and planking down \$1, a couple of old brass keys and a paper on his head, he said to the clerk, "I need on your name book that that all valubles must be put in the safe over night or you wouldn't stand for them for me of the night. So I lay reckoned as how I'd better fetch these yer things down to you and have 'em locked up, as they're all I've got." The clerk gave him a check for the articles and he returned to his room perfectly happy.

The other morning the Journal printed an Associated Press dispatch from Shamokin, Pa., stating that Lizzie Hoover, daughter of Francis Hoover, and Artie Buck, known as the "child lovers," eloped Tuesday evening for the second time in three months. Lizzie is only fifteen years of age and Artie is one year her senior. In July the young couple eloped, went to Ohio, thence to Indianapolis, where, three weeks later, they were captured by officers. Lizzie returned home with her father, Tuesday evening she left her room at midnight and joined her lover. It is supposed they have gone to Camden and got married. Last Friday Mr. Hoover bought his daughter a costly piano, with the hope that this would keep her from thinking of Artie. The escape of the young couple alluded to was related in the Journal at the time of their arrest at the Denison House, where they were passing as brother and sister, in July. On the night after Miss Hoover left the hotel with her father's Journal reporter met Artie Buck on Pennsylvania street. "Lizzie," said he, recognizing the reporter, "I just left with her father for home. She's all right. We understand each other and the old man can't separate us. See this note she sent me just as she was bidding them all good-bye. She asked for pencil and paper to leave a line for Mr. Hoover, and just wrote me a note. She says: 'Dear darling, I am about to leave with papa, but don't you worry. I will, so help me God, be true to you. I will marry you. I will go home and save up some more money, and then we will take another trip. Your own Lizzie.'"

"I rather think I'm all right," concluded the young scapgrace. "Oh, but I hate to go home, though. I am going to take a train so that I will arrive by stage at night. I wouldn't walk up the depot in daylight for anything. There he goes," "Run away, did you?" "Had to come back again, eh?" "I would hear on all sides. You will, though, hear from us again."

"The best conundrum—and the worst—I overheard," said an old compositor, "was invented by a character named E. M. B.

Hooker, who was for many years a type-setter on the Journal. One day in the old building, where Carlon & Hollenbeck's printing house now is, it was then the Journal Building, the chimney refused to draw and great clouds of choking-smoke rolled in to the composing-room. It was decided that the cause of this was the crookedness of the chimney. This apparently furnished Mr. Hooker the inspiration for what followed. "Can any of you tell me," he asked in his peculiarly sharp voice, "why this chimney is like a crooked dew?" The other compositors, as one man to bid him out of existence, he only saved his life by immediate flight.

The other evening, while crossing Fifth street, between Pennsylvania and Meridian, two ladies were attacked by a man who ran out of an alley, and, seizing the watch of the elder lady, attempted to wring it from her grasp. She held to it, however, and her daughter, a young lady, came to her assistance and began pounding the robber on the back. Her blows were too feeble to be of any avail and he in turn struck the young lady on the side of the head and began to drag both of them into the alley. At this juncture, W. W. Herod hearing their cries, came to their assistance and the scene ended, Mr. Herod and others tried to pursue, but he made good his escape, leaving an umbrella with a broken handle behind him. The other compositors, as one man to bid him out of existence, he only saved his life by immediate flight.

FRATERNITIES AND ORGANIZATIONS.

Knights of Honor.
Victoria Lodge, No. 22, will meet Monday evening, and there will be some new work by the degree team.

The Indianapolis Commandery, No. 12, Uniform Order of the Eastern Star, will meet Monday evening, and much interest is being taken by the members.

Washington Lodge, No. 111, had a very late meeting on last Tuesday evening. The degree team is practicing constantly now, and is doing some handsome work. New features are being added to the work of the degrees.

Brightwood Lodge, No. 915, will have several candidates to take the degree on Tuesday evening. The degree team will perform the ceremony, and some fine work will be done. Several brethren from the city will go out to witness the work.

A circular has been issued by the supreme officers, showing the both of the widows and orphans' fund to date, and showing the reasons the extra assessments have been made, and every Knight of Honor can see that there was need of the extra assessment in order that death benefits can be paid promptly.

Order of Equity.
On Wednesday evening, Oct. 7, a social and reception to the supreme officers will be given.

Friendship Council, at its last meeting, initiated seven new members and received fifteen new applications. The council will meet on Tuesday evening at Equity Hall, When Block, on the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month.

The Supreme Council will hold its first biennial session at Frater Hall, When Block, on Oct. 6, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Indianapolis Council meets every Wednesday evening at Equity Hall, When Block. At its last meeting two new members were admitted.

Knights and Ladies of Honor.
Washington Lodge conferred the degree upon one applicant last Monday evening. The next session of the Supreme Lodge will be held in this city in September, 1892. Grand Vice-protector Hauch will visit the lodge at Anderson next Wednesday evening.

Jones will exhibit the prize he proposes to give to the member bringing in the largest number of applicants during the six months ending March 31, 1892.

Hoosier Lodge conferred the degree upon one applicant last Tuesday evening. There were a number of visitors present from Washington Lodge.

Phoenix Lodge gave a bonnet social at its hall on Clifford avenue on last Wednesday which drew out a large attendance of its members and friends.

Hoosier Lodge will give a musical and literary entertainment at its hall, corner Northlake avenue and Morris street, West Indianapolis, on next Tuesday evening.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.
(City Election, Tuesday, Oct. 13.)
For Mayor—WILLIAM W. HEROD.
For City Clerk—HARRY B. SMITH.
For Police Judge—GRANVILLE S. WRIGHT.
For Councilmen-at-large:
W. W. MCOREA, JOHN Q. HICKS,
HENRY JAMESON, EDWARD H. DEAN,
HENRY SWEETLAND, PHILIP REICHWEIN.

For Councilmen:
First Ward—THOMAS B. LINN.
Second Ward—JOHN B. ALLEN.
Third Ward—ARIE A. YOUNG.
Fourth Ward—JOHN FURBER.
Fifth Ward—EDWARD DUNN.
Sixth Ward—W. H. COOPER.
Seventh Ward—JOSEPH L. GARNER.
Eighth Ward—CHARLES T. BISHOP.
Ninth Ward—A. Q. MANN.
Tenth Ward—JEREMIAH GRIFFIN.
Eleventh Ward—A. C. MANN.
Twelfth Ward—JACOB W. FINESTINE.
Thirteenth Ward—W. SINKS FERGUSON.
Fourteenth Ward—GEORGE H. STEIGEL-MEYER.
Fifteenth Ward—AMER J. FUNK.

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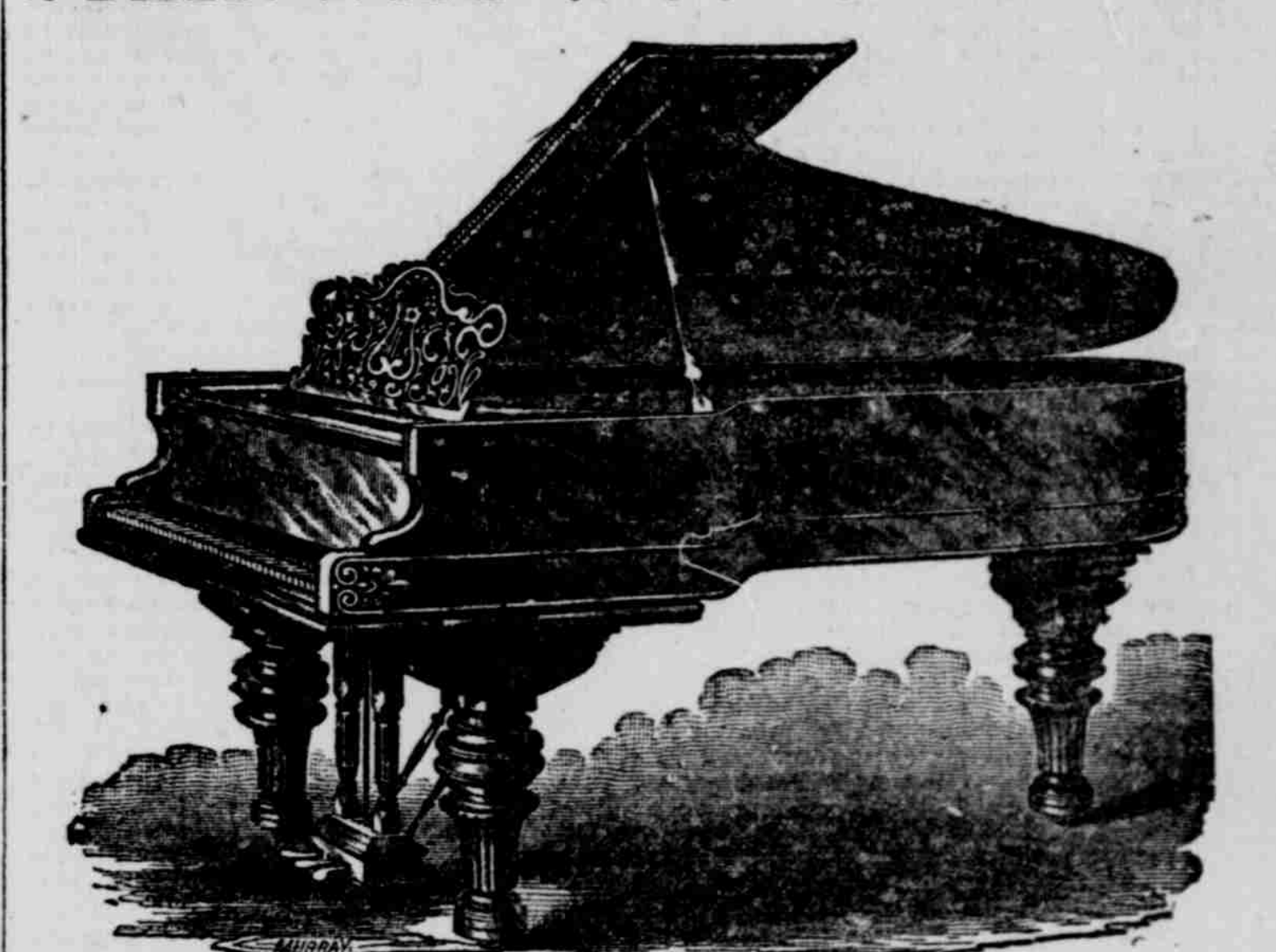
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AMBROISE THOMAS,	THEODORE THOMAS,	A. DREYSSCHOCK,	ANTON SEIDL,
STEPHEN HELLER,	ADOLPH HENSELT,	ALFRED JAELL,	RUDOLPH WILLMERS,
JOSEPH JOACHIM,	RAFAEL JOSEFFY,	MORIZ ROSENTHAL,	AND BY MESDAMES
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